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NAL CRISIS—PEACEFUL SEPARATION OR CIVIL WAR.

AN
ADDRESS,
DELIVERED IN
MUSIC HALL,
ON
ST. PATRICK'S DAY,
BEFORE THE
Hibernian and Montgomery Societies
OF NEW HAVEN,
BY THOMAS YEATMAN, ESQ.

Published by Request.

—•—
“Our country's welfare is our first concern,
And who promotes that best, best proves his duty.”
—•—

NEW HAVEN:
PRINTED BY THOMAS J. STAFFORD.

1861.

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A D D R E S S .

I ACCEPT, with grateful pleasure, Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen, the invitation to address you upon this occasion ; and in perfect loyalty to my faith as a Protestant, I can most cordially unite with you, gentlemen of the Hibernian Society, and with you, my Irish and Catholic friends and fellow citizens, in the services of this day, commemorative of your Patron Saint, SAINT PATRICK. Canonized by your Church as one of its most honored Apostles, the Patron Saint of a nation which he redeemed from spiritual darkness ; revered as a Holy Father by every son and daughter of Ireland, there is yet that in his life and labors which lifts him above the age in which he lived, the race which he served, or the Church whose spirit and mission he so nobly illustrated. For his memory belongs to a Universal Humanity. As well might Athens attempt to appropriate the teachings of Soerates ; or, England the heroic patriotism of Hampden ; or, the banks of the Potomac, a Washington, as for any race, or faith, or nation, to localize, or sectarianize the benedictions of such a life. The grandeur of an austere virtue ; the stern simplicity of a primitive faith and life in a corrupt age ; the beauty of piety ; heroic deeds for heroic principles ; the zeal of the missionary ready in defense of his faith to wear the flame-shroud of the martyr ;—all who can value and vindicate these, may turn to St. Patrick, the Apostle of the Catholic, and the Patron Saint

of Ireland, and claim a part, and a full part, in the glorious heritage. And we, of whatever race, or faith, familiar with the simple record of his life, his services, his trials, his persecutions, and his ultimate triumph, can yield him the tribute of our love and reverence as freely and as fully as if we had knelt at his feet and received the benediction and the blessing from his lips. Crowned as a Christian Missionary, bearing to man the divine message of pardon and redemption; crowned as a Christian Emancipator, raising a nation from the superstition of idolatry, and the barbarism of slavery; crowned as a Christian Educator, introducing letters amid the deep night of barbaric ignorance,—his name is embalmed in the immortality of services which can be measured only by the interests of eternity. Appropriately, then, may the hand of a Protestant gather up the fragrant memories of a life devoted to life's noblest and highest aims, which raised a nation

“From nature up to nature's God.”

Appropriately, then, may the lips of a Protestant speak the praises of this Missionary, Emancipator and Hero, whose pure and holy life has borne his name across the valley of the ages, and after the lapse of fourteen centuries, on the shores of this new world, has brought us together this day, lovingly and reverently to honor his memory.

Under other circumstances it would be a grateful privilege on this day, consecrated to the sons and daughters of Ireland by loving memories, to speak to you of your native land, amid whose hills and valleys rest, like the sweet dews of morning, the gentle memories of your early days. Strange and wonderful history! A fair and beautiful land, given up for eighteen centuries to the war of factions, to the play of demoniac passions, to cruel oppressions, to barbarous codes enslaving the mind and soul of the nation, to the relentless hate of bigoted intolerance—scarcely a year through the cycle of these centuries, of peace, of prosperity, of happiness—the nation's harp forever hung upon the willows, and the daughters of Ireland wailing in sorrow and desolation. At last the clouds begin to break away, and the Providences of God rest gently

and lovingly upon your native land. "The days of her mourning are past. Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor desolation within thy borders, for the Lord has given unto thy people beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." The war of factions has ceased; laws disgraceful and inhuman in their bigoted intolerance have been repealed; equality of rights and privileges recognized and protected; material prosperity stimulated and advanced. The once desolate fields now teem with fatness, the orchard smiles on the hillside, the harvest waves in the valley, and the song of the reaper is heard in the silence of the wilderness. Peace stretches her white wings over the nation, and for the first time in the history of Ireland, content and plenty, prosperity and happiness, thanksgiving and praise, lie down as blessed angels at every door.

"Thus Erin, dear Erin, thy winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it has blossomed at last."

Lovingly and tenderly could I linger upon the story; but the momentous interests of the present hour weigh upon my heart, and press upon my lips for utterance. I desire to speak to you to-day, of OUR COUNTRY, its perils, its dangers, its hopes and fears, the sources of its weakness and strength. I desire to consider the National Crisis, the question of the hour—peaceful separation, or civil war. In the discussion of this mighty theme I would imitate the example of the great Athenian who never addressed an assembly of his countrymen without first appealing to the gods that he might utter no words which should bring discredit upon the cause of truth and justice, or injury to the best interests of his country.

"When the mariner has been tossed for many days in thick weather and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the first glimpse of the sun, to take his latitude and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course." Memorable words, first spoken in the great debate when the theory of nullification and secession was first advanced. I repeat

these words to-day, when secession, from a bold, yet barren theory, has sprung into a practical fact—bearing division and revolution as its results. Let us imitate the prudent mariner, and take our reckoning, and find how far, as a nation, we have drifted from our old moorings. What is the condition of our country? The plural unit destroyed, the bands which have bound these confederated States under a Federal head, broken. Seven States—two of the old thirteen—have withdrawn from the Federal government. A Provisional government established, with all the machinery of Constitution, Officers, and Laws. The national property has been seized. Our forts and arsenals captured and held by soldiers of seceding States. The stars and the stripes lowered—the Pelican and Palmetto—emblems of revolution—wave in their place. The Federal laws have been repealed or defied. States present the appearance of military camps preparing to resist, by arms, the enforcement of Federal authority. Trade, ever sensitive to revolution, has been paralyzed; millions upon millions sunk in the general panic. The border States lay down conditions for their continued fidelity, and in them there exists a feeling of alienation, distrust, and prejudice, which may lead them, at the shadow of provocation, to unite with the Southern Confederacy. Revenue laws have been passed discriminating against the commerce and the industry of the United States. Thus far the architects of ruin, of wickedness and folly, have had their way. “Our national flag, that spread as the wing of a mighty empire over the land and sea, has fallen as a blighted constellation from the sky. The North American Republic, with all its glorious memories and hopes, has disappeared, in its unity, from history.”

How rapidly have these “dire calamities” been precipitated upon us! The labors of centuries of preparation swept away in the circle of a few months. Like the changes of a day in spring, when we see the morning mist rise in wavy gold to greet the ascending sun, but gather around his setting in grim and angry thunder cloud.

What causes have produced these results? The proprieties

of this occasion limit and restrict me, and admonish me that I must touch lightly, generally, and necessarily superficially, upon the causes which have produced the National Crisis, for fear that I might offend by reflecting upon the influences, policies and interests of political parties. I will briefly consider these causes under two heads:

1st. The Moral, or Irrepressible.

2d. The Political, or Artificial.

In the magnificent portico of St. Peter's, at Rome, there is a statue of a female radiant with celestial beauty and strength; clad in impenetrable armor, she treads beneath her feet the bodies of tyrants and oppressors whom she has slain; she wields in her upraised arm a flaming sword, the scabbard thrown away; her step is ever advancing, and her eyes fixed upward on the heavens. It is the statue of Truth beautifully symbolizing her eternal warfare with falsehood, oppression, and wrong. It typifies the moral element in national and individual life. It is a visible embodiment of the great truth that all questions, moral in their nature, can be settled only upon the foundations of truth and justice—that all questions dealing with human rights and duties, until recognized and accepted, must, from the very law of their being, wage an irrepressible conflict in society and government. But this irrepressible conflict need not necessarily find its only development in revolution and destruction. It may master the mind and conscience as gently yet as resistlessly as the light breaks into the darkness of night—at first the faint day-beam streaking the eastern horizon, and then hour by hour deepening into the golden splendors of mid-day. It may come in the terrific sweep of the French Revolution, overthrowing thrones, religions, and social order, or, it may come in the passage of a beneficent law, as in the edict of the Russian emperor, peacefully raising twenty millions of human beings from the degradation of serfdom into all the dignities and rights of freemen. The normal development of this moral principle is peaceful. It is only when precipitated, resisted, perverted, or corrupted, that it wins its triumph amid convulsion and desolation. The questions which have and still

agitate our nation, are essentially moral questions, embracing all of human rights and duties. They have within them the irrepressible vitality of a moral life. "The fundamental cause, because the moral cause, of our present agitation and insecurity, is the anomalous existence in a republican and democratic government, based on respect for human rights, political equality, universal representation, free speech, public discussion, general enlightenment, and progressive reform, of an institution, exactly contradicting every principle and sentiment in our Declaration of Independence, and reversing in its spirit, operation, and tendencies, the theory, objects, and workings of our Constitution, and the inspiration of our national life." And yet I claim that there is no providential necessity that the solution of this moral conflict should be in the tragedy of national dissolution. The nation has been brought to its present position only in part through the action of moral causes. Political or artificial influences now precipitating, now resisting, now perverting, now corrupting this beneficent principle of action, until it has opened beneath our feet the dark gulf of disunion from whence "demoniac forms emerge from the seething deeps, that shall wander forth to mock and madden through a funereal century." I attribute the present condition of our country chiefly to causes political or artificial, which wisdom, prudence, virtue, and self-sacrificing patriotism, could have averted. Let us briefly consider them.

Most potent among the many causes, political or artificial, have been the ignorance, misunderstanding, perversion, and misrepresentation of the sentiments of the respective sections. The masses have been controlled in their political sentiments and action by misapprehension, by artful perversion, by systematic and persistent agitation of sensitive and irritating questions, and by unscrupulous misrepresentation of the principles of their opponents. "The South, through the systematic perversions of its political leaders, have been taught to believe that the controlling party of the North had for its single mission the subversion of its acknowledged constitutional rights; that the accession to power of a Northern President would be signalized by attempts to liberate slaves by the direct intervention

of the general government, or to stimulate in their midst the appalling terrors of servile insurrection." John Brown, the rebel chief of Ossawatimie and the fanatic of Harper's Ferry, was received as the type of Northern sentiment. "Extracts from the Northern press, and quotations from Northern speeches, violently torn from their context, representing the meaning of their authors about as truly as a thread of canvas raveled from a picture presents the conception of the painter, were scattered broadcast throughout the South." The hearts of our Southern brothers have been estranged from us by the wicked perversions and misrepresentations of those to whom they have looked up to for guidance and direction." For thirty years the seed has been ripening for this bitter harvest. For thirty years these infamous appeals to popular prejudice and sectional hatred have been with devilish and malignant cunning whispered into the Southern ear. As the arch fiend in the "Paradise Lost" of Milton,

"Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy,"

so have these ambitious and unscrupulous leaders approached our Southern brothers, "inspiring venom" and raising

—"distempered, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires;"—

believing they have been betrayed—thrown into the delirium of fever, when the mind loses its true balance, and all is distempered.

The North, more intelligent, with greater facilities for accurate information, with interests infinitely less sensitive and dangerous, and therefore with less excuse for passionate and prejudiced excitement, have too often pictured the South as a region groaning in slavery; ruled by merciless masters, sunk in sensual indulgence and heartless indifference, in the midst of cruel wrongs and inhumanities. In the fair tapestry of freedom, spread out before us, there has too often been an ugly reverse to the web, that is, hatred to the slaveholder. Ten thousand springs of falsehood and perversion have filled the

very atmosphere with noxious vapors, and turned persistently, for years, by politicians, into one and the same channel, have at length swollen into a current so mighty, as to bear away whole communities into utter disbelief in the patriotism, honor, and justice of any portion of the South.

Yes, ignorance and misapprehension of each others' purposes and policy, misrepresentation of each others' characters and sentiments, the systematic agitation of a peculiarly sensitive institution, have plotted the ruin of our country. "Such are the causes, political and artificial, why this glorious vision of constitutional liberty, which has filled Christendom with light and hope, has begun to shrivel like a parched scroll. Such the apology for attempting to bury free institutions in the waves of revolution, and leave the annals of self-government, like a bloody-buoy on the sea of time, warning the nations of the earth to keep aloof from the mighty ruin." There has not been an hour through the long years of agitation, instigated by selfish and ambitious leaders, that, if we could have swept from the earth these fiendish prompters of mischief, and laid our hands, North and South, upon each others' hearts, that we would not have found them beating with a mutual love, strong, generous, sacrificing, embracing the whole continent in the arms of a patriotism as broad as the clasp of the two oceans which wash its opposite shores. God help the Republic, when its golden memories, its glorious aspirations, and its teeming future, are in the keeping of the knaves and demagogues of politics. That low, mercenary, Machiavelian herd, that gather in the dens of darkness and sin, of intrigue and caucus, to project the programme, and distribute the parts of that great play, whose sublime issues are the glories of our country, and the welfare of the world. God help the Republic, when the disciples of Asmodeus and Mephistophiles—the one the father of letters, the other the father of lies—are too often seated upon editorial tripods, reveling in the licentiousness, miscalled, the liberty of the press, and filling the land with the insidious poison of sectional passion, sectional prejudice, sectional falsehood, and sectional hatred. Ignorance, misunderstanding, and

misrepresentation of each other's sentiments, stimulated by the selfish schemes and interests of party, and wielded by ambitions and unscrupulous leaders, are the chief causes, political or artificial, which have reduced our beloved country from the glory and the praise, to the pity and reproach of Christendom.

And, now, what of the future? Let us attempt to cast its horoscope, and learn whether these chills, these shadows, these mists along the mountains, these faintly showing stars, are the hopeful twilight of morning, brightening into dawn,—or a mournful vesper-light, deepening into night? Let us attempt to catch, here and there, amid the gloom, the gleam of friendly stars, to guide us through the heavy darkness of the present night. What of faith, what of hope, is left to us? I answer, much of both, but conditional. The future, under the Providences of God, depend upon ourselves,—upon the policy which we may adopt, to meet and overcome the vexed problem of the present. Our action is confined within the narrow limits of two policies,—the one of peace, the other of war,—the one of coercion, the other of magnanimous Christian submission to the stern exigencies of the crisis. Seven States have withdrawn, and established an independent government. I shall not stop to inquire if this was an act of treason, rebellion, and revolution, or the legitimate exercise of a constitutional right. I accept the fact, that these States have declared that they will no longer submit to Federal authority, or recognize the binding obligations of the Constitution. They have broken the bands which made us one nation. They have done it with a “unanimity of sentiment, with a coincidence of opinion among their people, which is without a parallel in the history of revolutions, and the simple question presented to us to-day, is this, whether, throughout the limits of those States, which thus formally, thus orderly, thus by enactments of representative bodies, of highest capacity known to the civilized nations,—conventions duly authorized and properly elected to consider this very question,—have declared themselves independent of us, we are prepared, by force of arms, or by means equivalent, to maintain our supremacy, and enforce our laws.”

The argument of coercion, by which I mean the exercise of the necessary authority to enforce obedience to law, represents a widely various policy, as to the means to be employed. One class would employ an indirect coercion, by blockading the ports, and collecting the revenue, by sending a fleet to the mouth of every harbor, and not allow a vessel to enter, without enforcing the revenue laws of the government. Another class propose to re-take the forts and public property, and to hold them, at every hazard. Another class propose to enforce all the laws, and to exercise every power inherent in government, to carry out this purpose. And still another class, and the most numerous, are for testing the strength of our institutions, and to prove that we have a government of sufficient force to preserve its own integrity. Let us separately examine these various plans. It is claimed, that to blockade the ports, would destroy the industry, and paralyze trade, and, by the stern necessity of self-preservation, compel rebellious States to return to their allegiance. That it would desolate a State, not by the sword, but by a process similar to placing animal life within an exhausted receiver, cutting off the very sources and springs of life. That it could be done, without the necessity of taking a human life, or shedding a drop of blood. It is a plausible, but fallacious claim. To blockade the ports and harbors of the seceding States, would involve us in inextricable embarrassments. Judged by the rules and principles of international law, a blockade is a declaration of war,—a direct act of war, and can only be maintained by one nation at war with another. It would lead to perpetual collisions with foreign powers, claiming the rights of neutrals. It would require the navy of the United States to be quadrupled, to enforce it. The Southern coast would have to be girdled with guns, ready to be used at every attempt to evade it. It would be resisted by force, where force could be employed,—continual conflicts would occur; acts of retaliation would be instigated; States would be invaded; privateers would sweep the seas, desolating Northern commerce; armies would be collected, and in less than six months, civil war would sweep, with all its desolations, through the Republic. Practically it would fail. Not only

would harbors have to be blockaded, but the interior border line would have to be guarded by a line of posts, to maintain which an immense force of armed men would be necessary. The frontiers must permanently bristle with forts and bayonets. And how long before war would flash along such frontiers? A spark would ignite it. Again, this line of posts would have to be formed in the border slave States, still true to the Union, but who would never allow force to be employed against their seceding brethren, from whom they may differ upon the doctrine of secession, but for whom they feel all the love that can spring from a common birth, a common interest, and an indissoluble destiny, in domestic institutions. To blockade the ports, if not a declaration of war, would inevitably result in war. In spirit, it is coercion,—the employment of force, to compel obedience. It is captivating to the public mind, from the apparent gentleness of the means employed, to secure a great result. But it is war, and only differs from the bold declaration of war, as the stealthy approach of the sapper and miner differs from the impetuous charge of the rude Cossack. I oppose this policy, because it is impracticable, and would defeat the very end designed. I oppose this policy, because it would inevitably plunge us into all the horrors of civil war.

The next plan proposed by the advocates of coercion, is the re-capture of the forts, and the re-possession of the public property, seized by the rebels. I sympathize intensely with this sentiment. When I heard that our forts had been captured, our flag lowered and dishonored, our property seized and confiscated, our just and gentle authority spurned and defied, there was in my heart a mingled feeling of resentment, prompting immediate redress and punishment, and of humiliation and sorrow, which made me place my hand upon my mouth, and my face in the dust; and when I heard that Major Anderson stood behind the battlements of Fort Sumpter; that over its frowning bastions he had unfurled the stars and stripes of his country's flag, and that it would wave in triumph, as long as there was a heart to bleed or die in its defense, there was a feeling of renewed manhood within me, which caused

my heart to beat with exultant pride, and my lips to thank and praise God, that patriots were yet left to us, to defend the honor, majesty and dignity of the Republic. When I heard, but a few weeks since, that a veteran soldier, who had been crowned with the gratitude of the nation, for his distinguished services in two wars, who had been raised from the ranks to the command of a Major General, had broken his faith, and turned over his department to a revolutionary State, I felt it to be the duty of the Government, at every sacrifice, to follow the traitor, if necessary, into the very halls of the Southern confederacy, to seize him, immortal through his infamy, and consign him to the merited punishment of the scaffold. These feelings were the promptings of a generous and honest indignation. But calmer reflections convinced me that the consequences of such a course would but confound the innocent with the guilty, and, in its results, prove disastrous to liberty itself. Consider for a moment, the results of such a policy. These forts will not be surrendered. They are considered as necessary to the security of the seceding States, to be held at every sacrifice. Let me illustrate by the forts in Charleston harbor. They not only command the commerce of the State, but if their guns were turned upon Charleston, it could be leveled to the ground in twenty-four hours. As South Carolina has seceded, justly or unjustly is not now the question, self-preservation demands that the forts should be held, at every sacrifice. You send an army and navy to re-take these forts. They will be met by an opposing army, harassed and resisted at every step; battles will be fought, and a civil war inaugurated, which no true man can contemplate without a thrill of horror. This policy is impracticable, unless we are willing to accept it with all its consequences.

Another class of the advocates of coercion, animated by a patriotism which I profoundly respect, insist that coercion is necessary to maintain the authority of government—that we must prove to the world that we have a government of sufficient strength to enforce its laws and preserve its own integrity. The arguments by which this policy is advocated are difficult to answer. They appeal to our loyalty, to our nation-

al pride, to our national security. The sublime definition of the French philosopher, that "Government is justice armed with power," expresses a general conviction that it will not suffice for a constitution to be perfect in wisdom and justice, but that it must also be armed with power to enforce its authority. A government without the power to enforce its authority, or exercises authority by *permission*, is contemptible. A government that permits its authority to be defied is in danger of dissolution. A Republic without the inherent strength to vindicate its integrity, is in peril of subversion by anarchy or despotism. I recognise these truths and accept them. Yet there are times when national dignity, national integrity and national honor, can best be maintained by apparently yielding to the storm and accepting the exigencies of the crisis. History is full of illustrations, how an unyielding adherence to the enforcement of law, to testing the strength of government upon an unwilling people, has been visited by the most significant retributions. Maintain the prerogatives of the crown—yield nothing to rebels—the ship money and poundage must be collected, said Charles the First, in his unyielding pride, and his head fell by the ax on Tower Hill, and the drama of the Protectorate illustrated the triumph and genius of Cromwell. No compromise with traitors—enforce the laws, said James the Second; its retribution was an ignominious flight, a retreat to St. Germain, and William, of the Netherlands, ascended the British throne. Enforce the laws—test the strength of government—retake the property seized at Concord and Charlestown—blockade the ports—collect the revenues—enforce taxation without representation. Let Washington, Jefferson, Sherman and Adams, meet the penalties of treason, said George the Third. The attempt was made, and from the fields of the revolution was achieved our national independence. Enforce the laws—maintain the government—no yielding to constitutional provisions and securities—down with the traitors, said Lewis the Sixteenth, and the head of King and Queen, and Prince and Noble, fell beneath the flashing blade of the guillotine. Maintain the government—enforce the laws—no liberty of conscience for the Catholic—

hunt the priest from hovel to hovel—punish him with stripes and the stocks if he dares to administer the sacred rites of his faith—offer premiums to apostasy—set brother against brother, said Protestant England, through her laws against Catholic Ireland, and Ireland sank, and writhed, and wailed beneath the spiritual bondage; but the cry of repeal, repeal, ran from hill and valley, from mountain and plain—the British throne was shaken, and the great O’Connell lived to see the divine principle of toleration crowned in all the majesty and protection of law. I do not assume that there is a strict analogy in principle between the position of seceding States and the historical illustrations I have cited. But the moral *is* complete—let nations beware how they attempt by force to test their strength and enforce their laws and constitutions upon an unwilling people. As the highest statesmanship consists not in always carrying good principles to their inexorable logical results, but in keeping the end ever in view and in doing the best which circumstances will permit; so may the truest and highest policy of the nation be found, not in arbitrarily exercising its power to *enforce* obedience, but in accepting the exigencies of the crisis and adopting the best course which the general interests—moral and material—will permit. And if history *is* Philosophy teaching by example, may we not profit by her warning voice speaking from the ruins of dismembered empires, that the spirit which leads nations at all times and under all circumstances to enforce its authority and compel allegiance to its government by military power, may defeat the very object it designed, and may feel the recoil in terrific and disastrous eclipse. But let us examine this policy more in its details. These States have withdrawn—established an independent government—repealed the Federal laws, and organized an efficient army to maintain and vindicate their independence. They have elected a President who unites to the experience of a statesman, the tried valor of the soldier, who has won the highest honor on the field of battle;—a calm, resolute, determined man. He asks for peace, but has pledged himself, and in this pledge he will be sustained by his people, to maintain, if forced to do so by war, the independence of the

Southern Confederacy. How, then, do you propose to enforce the Federal laws and to maintain and test the strength of government? You answer, by superior force! Dealing with revolutionists, force is the only power by which you can hope to test the strength of the government, to maintain its laws and enforce its authority. You *must* rely upon the strong arm of military power. Collect your armies, march them into the seceding States, what then? They will be met by an opposing army fighting on their own soil, animated by a fierce and determined hostility, in defense of their own peculiar institutions, in support of their own government and in the maintenance of the inalienable right of revolution secured to them by the Declaration of Independence. Can you subjugate the South by force? I acknowledge the overwhelming superiority of the North in population, in physical and material power. I look forward with a feeling almost of terror for the South, when in her madness she accepts or throws down the gage of battle.

God help her if the tempest swings
The pine against the palm.

But the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. "Surround the South with a girdle of fire, block up her ports, desolate her fields, defeat her armies in every engagement, and she would still be unconquered, because invincible in her determination never to yield obedience to a government which she may wickedly and madly, but which she still abhors and defies. The Federal Government may conquer the seceding States, may subdue them, may obliterate them; but no power less than Omnipotence can compel them to do that which is indispensable to the preservation of the Union—that is, to revolve within the sphere appointed for them by the Constitution." But grant for the argument that you could subdue them, grant that you could by force compel their obedience to Federal authority. Would our government, as its spirit and inspiration demands, be any longer a government of liberty, regulated by law resting upon the love and the consent of the people? Would it not rather be a government commanding the allegiance of eight millions of its subjects by

the power of the bayonet? Would this be obedience to the spirit and letter of the Constitution? What is it that endears the Constitution to us? Its dead, cold words? The parchment it is engrossed upon? No! it is the spirit which it creates and upholds. It is the life-blood of a generous, national sentiment, which, flowing from it, beats at the extremities as soundly as at the heart—which permeates and vitalizes all that vast network of interest spread over the land, which in variety, complication and extent, finds no parallel but in that beautiful and wonderful system of ducts and channels through which the warm currents of the human frame are propelled and circulated. The spirit of the Constitution is the assent of loving and loyal hearts who, recognizing its benedictions, would defend it with their lives—but the hour when its letter has to be enforced by armies and navies of Federal power, is the hour when the “Muse of History may lay her hand on the heart of the Republic, that has once beat so proud and strong with glorious memories and hopes, and find its convulsive throb stilled and pronounce it ‘dead;’ and wretched ages beyond, like those that waited on dead empires past, shall enter to bury her.”

If either of these plans of coercion should be adopted, if I am correct in my argument, that war would inevitably follow, it must not for an instant be supposed that the seceding States would stand alone. Force would arouse sympathy. There is a principle in the human bosom that repels force with force. This feeling is electric in the South. An appeal to arms—the planting of the first battery on Southern soil—the first drum-beat of a Federal army would unite her citizens as one man.

“The ties of blood are strong,
Stronger than oaths, and mightier than the law.”

And the contest would not be twenty-six States against seven, but eighteen against fifteen. The mouth of every conservative Union man would be closed forever, and counsels of peace would be drowned in the voice of our brother's blood crying to us from the ground. The most conservative of the border slave States have given expression by legislative

resolves to this universal sentiment of their citizens. When the Governor of New York insolently transmitted to the Legislature of Kentucky the tender made to the President of the State Militia to aid in Federal coercion, Kentucky, a State which in her noble devotion to the Union did not even sully her honor by *considering* the question of secession, hurled back in unanimous and defiant resolve the message, that whenever such aid was accepted for such a purpose, she would gird up her lions, take down her shield and resist it to the last extremity. Tennessee, by an overwhelming majority, declared her devoted allegiance to the Union, refusing to call a Convention even to consider the question of secession; yet, by legislative action, resolved that federal coercion *must* and *will* unite the South as one man in opposition to a policy so "cruel, inhuman, and unjust." Missouri, in whose bosom the beneficent seed of emancipation is working slowly, but ineradicably for her deliverance, with unparalleled unanimity expresses her devotion to the Union, her abhorrence of secession, but her inexorable determination if coercion is attempted to give all that she has of wealth, of strength, of life, and blood, in defense of her Southern brethren. Let no advocate of coercive measures delude himself with the belief that if his policy is adopted secession will be confined within its present limits, or that the border slave States will retain their connection with the Federal government. Coercion will unite the South and separate them from the North by a gulf of fire.

I have thus endeavored to view the policy of coercion in all its bearings, in all its lights and shadows. But the oracle has given out no uncertain response. Its only answer is—*coercion is war*. And what is war? I can present no more graphic picture of war, than by repeating the old German fable, which tells us that a young and gentle angel besought a venerable patriarch among the bright ranks of the blessed, to show him the green and beautiful earth which God had made so good and of which he had heard so much. They came down hand in hand and hung over a scene of enchanting natural beauty. But the French and English fleets were engaged there, and through the sulphureous canopy that hung over them like a pall, fierce

flashes of fire darted, and thunder pealed, and the groans of the dying—the pitiful plea for quarter—the exultant shout of the victor, mingled as they fell on the ear. Oh, said the young angel to his venerable companion, you have deceived me; I asked you to show me the earth, and you have brought me to hell. No, no, was the reply, these are brothers of earth who are contending—brothers in blood—brothers in Christian faith and hope. Such is war. It maketh the gentle angel to veil his face in pity; it changeth into a breathing hell this earth intended by its beauty and benedictions to show forth the praises of God. But there is another war of which this conceit of the German poet is but a feeble type—whose picture is traced in deeper, darker, and more lurid colorings—it is civil war—the war of brothers. I shall not even *attempt* to picture the wickedness and woe of such a strife. In such a contest it would be difficult to imagine which were the greater sorrow—victory or defeat. And well might the victors and the vanquished sit down together on the battle-field and weep over the result. When the little tribe of Benjamin had greatly sinned and had been well nigh exterminated by the combined force of Israel, there was no exultation but lamentation, deep and agonizing. “And the people came to the house of God and abode there till even before God, and lifted up their voices and wept sore; and said, O Jehovah, God of Israel; why is this come to pass in Israel that there should be to-day one tribe lacking in Israel?” And the children of Israel repented them for Benjamin their brother, and said “there is one tribe cut off from Israel this day.” It was in the very hour of triumph that the victors remembered Moses and the Red Sea—the wilderness, and the manna, and the rock that followed them—the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, which seen from every tent door, was the banner of God extending its protection to Benjamin as well as to Judah. Would that Benjamin had not sinned. Would that we had treated sinning Benjamin with the wisdom of gentleness and meekness. “And the children of Israel again repented them for Benjamin their brother.” And when the descendants of Washington and Adams, of Jefferson and Hancock, of Pinck-

ney and Sherman, of the fathers who fought at Bunker Hill and Saratoga and Yorktown, at Lundy's Lane and New Orleans, shall engage in deadly strife, will not the hour of triumph be the hour of lamentation and mourning? Will not the victors veil their faces and be ready to exclaim with the Psalmist king over the body of his erring, rebellious, but still beloved son, "Oh, Absolam, Absolam, would that I had died for thee?" Think of a contest in which victory is well nigh the heaviest of curses? But if these States are to be separated by the sword, civil war will evoke a power to mingle in the strife, the bare contemplation of which fills the mind with horror. I saw this power represented in the sketch of an Artist of genius. He drew a picture representing the citizens of the South as fishermen, standing upon the sea-shore and casting their nets into the waters of the gulf; drawing up a massive vessel labeled secession, bearing upon its lid the warning, "open, at your peril, for I contain the instrument of your destruction;" with cunning and busy skill they open the lid when there leaps forth a gigantic monster, black as night; striking the chains from his limbs, he soars over the land, scattering balls of living fire and broods of venomous serpents, whose every sting is death. The Southern fishermen sink to the earth in agony and despair, and the background of the picture is lighted up with the lurid colorings of a general conflagration. IT IS THE GENI OF SERVILE INSURRECTION. The sketch of the Artist in conception, a Prophecy. For this hideous power yet controlled, but ever restless, requires only the surges of civil strife to have breathed into it a life—brief it may be, yet terrific in its consequences—its pathway marked by brutal lust, sensual passions, and indiscriminate slaughter. The blood of a Southron flows in my veins—the South is the land of my birth—the home of my kindred, and amid its flowers sleep the graves of my children. I love that land, I know it well, and I know that if the North and South meet in the clash of arms, the slave will rise in his madness—and at every fireside, and around every hearthstone, over the old man and the young maiden, the loving mother and the tender child at her breast will be unbared to strike to the heart the arm of

savage vengeance. God of infinite mercy, I pray thee in the agony of the thought to save this nation from the desolation of such a curse. Yet such, in my judgment, must be the inevitable consequences resulting in civil war, if any of the various plans of coercion should be adopted by the Federal government.

Fellow-citizens, I present to you a wiser and juster policy—a policy gentle in its spirit, loving in its nature, resistless in its influence, divine in its benedictions—the policy of peace. If determined upon it let the seceding States depart in peace; let them establish their own government and empire, and work out their destiny according to the wisdom which God has given them. Let me present the argument. It is the policy of wisdom; the best to secure the end designed—the union of these States. “If armies could preserve this Union, half a million of armed men would spring up in a night. If money could preserve it, our teeming soil would leap with joy to yield a golden harvest. If blood could maintain it, our young men and maidens, our old men and children, would, with a crimson flood, from their very hearts, swell every stream that waters our plains.” But money, armies, blood, will not maintain the Union—it is broken. But justice, reason and peace, when the delirium of passion has spent its force, may reunite us, purified by the fire through which we have passed. Force might preserve the empty form, but the immortal spirit of Liberty and Union, which is love, sympathy, sacrifice, would be dead forever. Its life is peace—its grave, civil war.

“Gentle as angels’ ministry,
The guiding hand of power should be,
Which seeks again those cords to bind,
Which human madness hath rent apart;
The hand which tunes to harmony,
The cunning harp whose strings are riven,
Must move as light and quietly
As the meek breath of summer heaven,
Which woke of old its melody.”

Again, the policy of peace is the policy of justice to those true, loyal, and devoted Southern hearts, who have never failed in their fealty to the Union, and who, amid the present folly,

wickedness and madness of secession, wait, and watch, and pray, in sublime faith, for the hour of redemption.

What sympathy shall we extend to these noble men, who stand serene, amid the storm, unshaken in their fidelity, and waiting only the hour to come when they may strike, through emancipation, for truth, justice, liberty, and union! Shall it be force? God forbid! There is a beautiful custom prevailing on the shores of the Adriatic. There the wives and daughters of the fishermen come down to the sea-shore, about sunset, and sing their national songs. After singing the first stanzas, they listen awhile for an answering melody from off the water, and continue to sing and listen till the well known voice comes, borne on the water, telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fisherman, as the shadows gather around him, must be the songs of the loved ones at home, that sing to cheer him, and how they must strengthen and tighten the links that bind together these humble dwellers by the sea! Let us, in this hour of our national trial, imitate this touching and beautiful example. As the shadows deepen, let us cheer the hearts of these noble brothers, by the assurance that we wait for their return with patience, sympathy, love, and peace, and soon an answering voice, amid the blind fury of the storm, will fall upon our ear, in encouragement and hope. Be patient yet a little while, my brother,—the storm rageth, but its fury will soon be spent, and then the morning breaketh, of an unending day of affection, liberty, and union. It will be so. As a Southern man, I pledge you my faith that the seed of resurrection are now sown and germinating in the bosom of the South. It lives in the heroic hearts who labor on in faith and hope, for a true liberty. The South possesses every element necessary for its own regeneration. Do not, then, I pray you, fear to trust them. "The spirit of the elder and better time has not forsaken them. They still stand beside the graves of their fathers, and keep the vigils which their eyes keep no more." The gloomiest hours of darkness have not extinguished the serene and steady stars in this firmament. I have a calm and holy faith in the coming of that Providence to the South,

which shall rescue it from danger, and satisfy our yearning souls. Its chosen instruments are now at work. The week day does not deny its smile, nor the Sabbath its divine benedictions. I see these harbingers of a more illustrious era. I hear their mild but persuasive voice. I feel the soft pressure of their breath, and the tokens dropped from their anointed hands, fall upon our mysterious pathway." The elect sisterhood of Emancipation, Republicanism, and Christianity, will open our future, and if allowed, through peace, to work out its development, we will soon, from the South, catch the first tones of that exultant cry, "The morning cometh."

Again, the policy of peace is full of the precious promises of hope, which, like the ancient cestus of beauty, is radiant with transforming power.

What can we not endure,
When pains are lessened by the hopes of cure?

The end we seek is the perpetual union of these States. The employment of coercive measures, inevitably evoking the slumbering energies of war, in turn to deepen into civil strife, will not secure it. Disunion would be inevitable, irretrievable, and perpetual. War might rage within our borders for ten long years,—thousands by thousands might die by the sword, and yet the end for which all this power had been employed, would not be gained,—the final result would be, that, wearied and sickened with the strife, we would enter into a treaty of peace, consenting to separation, and acknowledging the independence of the Southern confederacy. But peace, with a diviner wisdom, accepts the end from the beginning,—leaps over the intervening agony of civil war, and seeks, by gentleness, patience, forbearance, and a holy faith, which looketh with hope, unto the end,—to dispel prejudice,—to mollify hatred,—to disarm injustice,—to touch and penetrate the heart, through confidence and love. Peace may veil her face, in view of the perils, dangers, humiliation, and disgrace of the present, but hope lighteth her heart with the promise of better days to come. Oh, my Countrymen, let us accept this policy. "For peace can alone preserve liberty—peace can alone re-construct

this Union—peace can alone retain friendship—peace can alone save the South from utter and hopeless ruin. If our Southern sisters will go—if they demand, as the prodigal, their portion—if they will leave the family mansion, let us signalize their departure by tokens of love—let us bid them farewell, so tenderly that they will be forever touched by the recollection of it; and if, in the vicissitudes of their separate existence, they should desire to return, there would be no pride to be humiliated, no wounds inflicted by our hands, to be healed,—no brother's blood crying to us from the ground.” We can afford to be forbearing and magnanimous, conscious of our own integrity,—firm as the everlasting hills, in the purity of our intentions, in the justice of our cause,—secure in overwhelming numbers, we can calmly wait upon the steppings of Providence, in this crisis. If our Southern brothers have, in their mad folly, accepted as their mission the protection, extension, and perpetuity of slavery, remember they but throw themselves against the eternal counsels of God, and that the grasp of an infinite justice is upon them. If they are sowing to the wind, they must reap the whirlwind. We can afford to wait.

The hour has come when we may vindicate our title to be called a Christian nation, by accepting the principles of divine law, as the principles of our national life. To feel that the discretion of a nation deferreth its anger, and it is its glory to pass over a transgression.” That we are not to be “overcome of evil, but to overcome evil with good.” “To love our brethren, who seek to do us evil,—to be pitiful and courteous,—not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing, but, contrariwise, blessing.” We are to rise to the height of a true Christian magnanimity—menaced, defied, imperiled, we are to say, “Let there be no strife between us, for we are brethren. The land is broad enough for us both. Let us part in peace,—let us divide our common inheritance, adjust our common obligations, and preserving as a sacred treasure, our common principles, let each set up for himself, and let the Lord bless us both. A course like this, heroic, sublime, glorious, Christian, would be something altogether unexampled in the history of the world. It would be the wonder and astonishment of nations.

It would do more to command for American institutions the homage and respect of mankind, than all the armies and fleets of the Republic. It would be a victory more august and imposing than any which can be achieved by the thunder of cannon, and the shock of battle." A victory in direct recognition of the divine law, given to nations as well as to individuals, to return blessings for curses, love for enmity, kindness for injuries.

Let us adopt this policy of peaceful separation,—let us accept these principles of patience, forbearance, gentleness, serenity amid provocations and injuries, confiding in the influence of time, to bring light out of darkness, reason out of madness, and though the present may be surrounded with trials and dangers, there is a silver lining to the angry cloud, the assurance of a bright and peaceful future. For through them may we realize, in the beautiful inaugural language of our President, that, "though passion may have strained, it has not broken the bonds of our affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot's grave, to every living heart and hearthstone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." God bless the President, for his noble faith! God grant that his administration may be guided by its spirit!

Adopt this policy,—accept these principles, and institutions, anomalous and inconsistent with the inspiration of our national life, will be swept away, and then, disenthralled, purified, emancipated; with liberty, not for a race or class, but for humanity,—slavery consigned to the Gehenna of a universal execration; every element of discord and division banished, this mighty brotherhood of States will roll on in glorious union, "bearing each other's burdens, sharing each other's reverses, sympathizing in each other's trials, rejoicing in each other's prosperity, and all clustering at last around the ear of a common liberty, like the hours in the fresco of Guido, around the sun."

And when that hour cometh,—when passion, and madness, and wickedness, and folly, have been stilled in every heart,—

when the clouds, which now hang so loweringly and heavily above us, are swept from the heavens, or weep only in gentle and reviving showers, then, in the first golden hours of that re-union, may we stand beneath the stars of our national constellation, as they "sing together with joy," and with the poet's verse, exclaim :

"Are ye all there? Are ye all there?
 Stars of my country's sky?
 Are ye *all* there? *Are ye all there,*
 In your shining homes on high?
 'Count us! Count us,' was their answer,
 As they dazzled on my view,
 In glorious perihelion,
 Amid their field of blue.

"I cannot count ye rightly;
 There's a cloud with sable rim.
 I cannot make your number out,
 For my eyes with tears are dim.
 Oh! bright and blessed Angel,
 On white wing floating by,
 Help me to count, and not to miss
 One star in my country's sky!

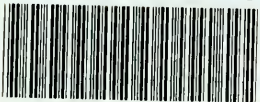
"Then the Angel touch'd mine eye-lids,
 And touch'd the frowning cloud;
 And its sable rim departed,
 And it fled with murky shroud.
 There was no missing Pleiad,
 'Mid all that sister race;
 For the Southern Cross gleam'd radiant forth,
 And the North-Star kept its place."

In the name of Humanity, in the still more sacred name of the Christ of God, let us speed the coming of that day.

Sons of Ireland, Adopted Citizens, Brothers, we have received you with open and generous arms, into the bosom of the Republic. We have greeted you as brothers, we have shared with you the priceless inheritance of our free institutions, won for us by the blood of our fathers. The altars of your faith have been guarded and cherished by our Constitution. Your industry has been protected and crowned with abundance. Your interests have been our interests. We love Ireland, we

love her children. In this hour of our extremity and peril, may we not look to you in perfect faith, to guard with us this Union, the dear mother of us all, from the wicked parrieides who seek to destroy her? Descendants of Montgomery, of Emmett, see to it that no harm befalls the Republic!

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